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THE

BELFAST MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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In the place of decorations generally of little use or value, it is our wish occasionally to present our Readers with some really useful article.—We accordingly, this month, give the Pocket Companion of the Royal Humane Society of London, containing directions for recovering suspended animation, in such an abridged form, as to be suitable to carry in the pocket to have ready on any sudden emergency, as a fatal delay may sometimes take place, by having the summary directions to look for when accidents happen. This pocket companion is calculated to be bound up with the Magazine, or to be kept in the pocket. It affords us much satisfaction to state that the Royal Humane Society of London, since the beginning of this year have paid the rewards of the society in more than one hundred cases, most of which were successful, and have been the means of affording comfort to many families.

Since the last meeting of the Managers of the Humane Society, several remarkably successful cases have occurred, and the claimants were satisfactorily rewarded.

COMMUNICATIONS, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

VISIT TO ENGLAND,

In the Summer of 1801.

WE took ship from Dublin in the Camden, Captain Draper, the 5th of May at seven o'clock P. M. It was doubtful that we could get out for want of wind, all nature in this vernal season of delight seeming hushed into one general harmony. We pushed out however to catch the expiring gales, which hoary Neptune has in reserve to preserve by motion the salubrity of his watery domain: our ship was small, light and manageable, and our sailors expert at their marine tactics. A breeze rising from the W, about night-fall, wafted us along; the larger ships on our line we soon distanced and lost sight of, arriving at Holyhead after 20 hours at sea.

Landing, the first imposition was from the custom-house officers; two shillings paid to one man for a printed license to authorize another to search our portmanteaus, who had two shillings for not tumbling our clothes. Then came porters of several orders, who delivered our things from the ship to the custom-house, thence to the inn. and lastly into our coach, all to pay. Jackson's inn is neat and clean. We are struck with the good countenances of the children and people generally, and could not help drawing them into contrast with some of our own poor people, lowered on the scale of existence by complication of oppression and imposture. Taking tea here, we drove to Bangor, arriving at the ferry between ten and eleven at night. Here we were entertained with the luminous electric appearance of the water; the oars as they worked the boat, casting up waves of liquid fire. We found here a home in an inn, kept with that care and exactness that is congenial to the soil, a sweet musician entering, on his harp—

Untwisted all the strings that tie
The hidden soul of harmony—

As I ascended the hill which on this side commands the bay, the ferry, the hills, the romantic and umbrageous scenery of the Isle of Anglesea, I said to myself, is not the human mind an instrument of music, which in the hand of the mighty master utters transporting harmony? yet are not the strings often discordant? But has not he made the instrument, whose potent and charming hand can rule the strings, can attune them, can make the whole "*concordia discors*" conducive

to the general ends of creation? What a foul picture does the world of rational existence exhibit, not submitting to be tempered and harmonized! Breakfasted at this charming place, and passed on to Conway over the tremendously awful pass of Penmanmaur, and by the picturesque town of Abber, situate amidst steep and what to us seemed inaccessible recesses of the mountain side: at noon arrived at Conway, and here within these walls of monastic druidic antiquity we dined; my companion J. B. gratified with objects of magnificent nature and the gay and lively colouring of art. I own to prejudices now obliterated by the honesty apparent in all faces, and the amiable simplicity and beauty of the female creation. Hence we took the road to Shrewsberry, arriving at five P.M. at Llanrwst: the view of rock and mountain not so bold as the morning scenes presented, but opening at intervals some very pleasant prospects on the sloping eminences. We are struck with the ingenuity of man to make the rough rock habitable, presenting gay scenery of happy abodes hung high (shall I say) out of the reach of care. Nature has richly adorned this country; Floreal embellishing, and the rivalship of human art lending every aid to bring nature's plan to perfection. At Llanrwst we are again saluted with the sound of the Welch Harp. Is there some natural accord between melody and the human heart, which causes that these people are not palled by the incessant repetition? is it that the mild music connects in natural association with the romantic scenery of nature, which is incessantly presented to the Welch people, and thus contributes to form and give happy permanence to their character? We took tea at Kennioge, a single house, the country round it barren of improvement; every where else our evening objects had an astonishing grandeur. The road on this side Llanrwst took us up an exceedingly high and steep mountain, from whence across some very lively scenes the eye is carried many miles to the Snowden mountains that present hideous asperities in the great scale of nature. Approaching Corwen late at night to lodge, our road ran us on the verge of a tremendous steep called Glyndiffus, a low wall kindly interposing to prevent our being dashed along in the rude confusion of rocks and precipices. We regretted that the scanty light afforded so little opportunity of surveying this magnificent scenery, it is a rock deeply indented by the torrents of many ages to a great depth, huge piles of rock standing high above the awful spectacle, a bridge, of tremendous height being thrown across from rock to rock. Had the moon favoured, or an addition of torrent, which other seasons of the year afford, no scene could be better calculated to impress with sublime sensations. The simplicity of Corwen, built among the rocks, is truly picturesque: the church yard stands in the midst of the town, the living seem to associate with the dead, the way connecting one cottage to another, lying across this rotten repository. I peeped into the church: there, in characters truly loyal, are gorgeously displayed the king's arms, and beside it a list of names of those, who, at some suffering time, contributed to relieve the necessitous. Hard by, is a structure erected, as the inscription in front declares, to accommodate six widows of clergymen of the church of England. At 5 in the morning, mounting a rock, I went to meet the early acclamation of the birds, pouring forth their morning anthem. A fine river with winding course refreshes a cultivated valley; the mountain side, as far as wild nature can be forced to yield to the operations of industry, presenting marks of similar cultivation.

In the morning, 11th, we set forward for the vale of Llangollen, full of expectation. The scenery levels down, Nature, tamer in her operations, not so extravagant, or terribly bold. These views invite calmly to contemplate and dwell on. Our road was on the side of a mountain; the left hand view, through which the river Dee wanders, affords richly glowing scenery, perhaps unrivalled in these kingdoms for extent, variety, and gratifying exhibition. I have winded round the sides of bold Ulleswater, the umbrageous skirts of Conistone, the gay and laughing scenery of Winandermere lake, whose tufted is-

lands crown its peaceful bosom; but the vale of Llangollen in Denbighshire, bears the palm for the diversity of ravishing delights. Its charm baffles the pall of satiety, by the perpetual change presented to the imagination. At a distance were pointed out to me two Irish ladies, wandering in the vale, who have preferred to pass their lives in this sequestered spot, in the enjoyment of mutual friendship. The family name of these votaries to simple pleasures, are Butler and Ponsonby. At two, we arrived at Oswestry, passing Chirk, a town advantaged by a new canal, whose prodigious aqueducts we halted to admire. We severally remarked not to have seen a soldier or a beggar, after travelling 100 miles, a striking circumstance to an Irishman. The soldier is a machine invented by aristocracy, to perpetuate the existence of that inequality, which it arrogates to the extinction of the happiness of society, and a machine which it has artfully contrived, that the victims of this inequality, should furnish and exercise against themselves. In the evening to Shrewsbury, 18 miles, the country under good cultivation. This is a great town, 2 miles in extent, the houses lofty, and thick set. Our driver took us to the Talbot, where we were received with gracious smiles of a courteous hostess: indications of civilized life. Farewell, dear Wales! where Nature reigns triumphant; the country diversified with endless variety, the people universally and uniformly the same. They seem to me to be cast into one mould of unaffected simplicity, even in their countenances wearing a singular sameness: my companion remarked the same. Is it that the Welch have preserved their aboriginal character without teint, amidst the fortifications and ramparts, which Nature hath in favour drawn around them, against the evils of polished society; while the English mixed and blended with all the world, and ever varying their local diversities, throw out an infinite variety of character? I leave this topic to be discussed by some possessed of happier leisure and more intimate acquaintance with the human character, and haste to describe the lovely scenes of Shrewsbury. We arrived here on Sunday evening: the genteel part of the town were gone to their favourite evening haunts; I. B. and I followed. A very stately modern edifice in honour of St. Chad, stands high for publick devotion; the expense, £27,000, the parish taxed for the interest. Between this and the river, and in my idea, better suited to devotion, a park slopes down containing 10 or 12 acres, called the Quarries, intersected with spacious walks, planted on each side with large spreading umbrageous limes, that meet overhead in friendly association, and form a very interesting summer evening walk: this is skirted by the Severn. A band of music here on the bank, gratifies the multitude, who appear with gay and lovely countenances, to take pleasure in mutual enjoyment. It is a pleasurable object to behold a great number apparently happy, and though my first impression of the difference between simple and artificial life still followed me, yet do I give these sons and daughters of polished society, credit for a large share of that philanthropy which appeared in their countenances. Next day we devote to take a view of Shrewsbury. The Severn encircles the town, forming a peninsula; the slopes on its flowery sides decorate with natural and cultivated embellishment, and raise the gratified spectator to a view of these bold and interesting objects. Nothing graces the improvements of cultivation equal to the stately movement of the majestic river, which seems with lingering course to stop to admire its own creation. The soil is a red earth, of which they make brick. A fine grit rock also in the neighbourhood, which is easily cut, and hardens in the air, contributes to facilitate the views of architecture. Stately buildings mingle amongst the foliage which this same red earth yields in abundance, with rich luxuriance of meadow and pasture ground. Lead, iron, and coal, bring their grateful tribute also in abundance, to add to the comforts and conveniences of human life, and forward the gay designs of English elegance. The Salopians abound in use-

ful institutions, as schools, poor-houses, and hospitals, which are under good regulation. Yet notwithstanding there was so much to admire, and so kind a disposition in my friend, I. B. and me to be gratified, something presented to our observation this evening which hurt our feelings, as we could plead a guiltiness of being involved in the following description. It is a publick warning at the entrance of the town; as follows,

Caution to Vagrants.

Notice is hereby given that all vagrants found wandering in the town or liberties of Shrewsbury, will be immediately apprehended, severely whipped, and sent to the house of correction to hard labour:

By order of the Mayor,
LOXDALE, town clerk.

My companion and I could not help looking at one another: we were certainly strollers, perhaps vagrants, and so are many who might become victims of this inhospitable denunciation, and who, perhaps, could not plead worthier cause for wandering than ourselves: The case is, this regulation is levelled against the lower orders of society, consequent to the poor laws, which are framed by the minions of fortune, with hearts steeled to unkindness towards their unprivileged brethren. Man in his corporate character, as a member of society, whether religious or political, is often intolerant and severe.

But it would be unjust to the proud Salopians, if I did not mention that in our progress we found this publick notice pretty general through England.

Many proofs of civility and philanthropy we met with here. The 14th we passed on through Watling-street, Sheffnal, Wolverhampton, Bilston, Wednesbury to Birmingham: the country all alive, it seemed like one continual town with the interruption of delightful rural retreats from Salop to Birmingham, 44 miles. The soil, as we proceeded, turned from red to black, and the enormous coal and iron works every where presented the prodigious force of steam-engines, gulfs of liquid fire, ponds of boiling water, in the mingled exhibition of art and elegance. The approach to Wolverhampton is through an assemblage of gardens, which present themselves all at once on the side of the hill, on whose summit stands the town. The Lion-inn seems to terminate this beautiful sloping avenue, and for taste and convenience exceeds any thing I had yet seen.

In the midst of Birmingham is seen, as in all the towns of England, the church encircled by the tombs, the living familiarly associating with the dead: and walking abroad amongst the tombs for recreation. Will it be said that it is profitable then to become familiar with mortality, towards which we are hourly hastening? I question if this familiarity strengthen our moral sentiment? I believe that what is intended to convey an awful impression, ought not to be presented too often.

We passed on through happy improvements of highly cultivated soil, to Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place of our English bard of high renown. A swan sailing with majestic port on the river, reminded me of poetic Mincius and of Garrick's address;

Flow on silver Avon! with songs ever flow!
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow!
Ever full be thy stream! like his name may it spread,
And the turf ever hallow'd, that pillow'd his head.

Tracing the vestiges of nature's darling, we dined at Shipston-on-Stour. At six, took tea at Woodstock; here we were shown the spot where the bower stood, the scene of Henry's loves with fair Rosamond; bad theme, but is it much worse than that which for the last century, the vast pile erected here (Blenheim) is made the memorial of, the victories of Marlborough? A magnificent entrance of heavy architecture leads to a lawn, and sweet enclosures of wood and water, cultivated hills and dales of about 2000 acres. Here is erected a large pile of Moorish style. We viewed at distance, having no inclination to bestow marks of respect on a structure, which perpetuates the memory of scenes, that sunder the brotherly affections, by which the family of mankind ought to be united. Blenheim! monument of the misery,

wickedness and folly of the human species! How long shall this earth exhibit melancholy triumphs on account of the destruction of the human race! Man, created to be the glory of the works of God, the top-stone of the fabric of his glowing architecture, how has he debased himself below the lowest in creation, by planning designs of mutual destruction, and glorying in his disgrace. Woodstock is 8 miles from Oxford, the seat of science, where we arrived to lodge. The soil of the ground slaty, a free-stone earth and light surface, yet in proportion to well-directed culture. Vast plantations of beans for many acres in extent; very fine elms and pasture grounds evincing the benign ductility of the soil. From our elegant inn, the Sun, my companion and I sallied out to view the high place of boasted human learning. It is astonishing what piles of old monkish superstition are here exhibited in all the darkness of barbaric and Gothic magnificence. Kings, and prelates, and popes, and monks, and mitres, installed in niches all along the walls on the out and inside of these sullen towers, the bulwarks and repositories of human learning. Returning to our inn, we are consoled by the music of H. B's. voice, flowing from an illuminated mind. A skilful hand in the hall awaked the dormant strings of a harp, a charm which had not before saluted our ear, nor wrapped the prisoned soul in Elysium, since our feet were turned from happy Wales; and under the influence of this excellent composer of delicious harmony, I drew out my last two pages.

14th, we bid adieu to imposing Oxford, imposing I say, because of the pride, and pageantry, and emptiness of human plausibilities and pretences; and imposing for very heavy charges at our inn, where every dish and spoon became an article of expense with an application to our pockets. We passed to Tetworth, to breakfast, through the uninclosed corn fields; barley still sowing; we observed the English at great charge for horses in most of their business; no oxen any where in the plough. A few miles from Oxford, our road, ascending a very high chalk hill, afforded us a view from the commanding eminence of as gay a scene of extensive cultivation as imagination can conceive. The inn at Tetsworth for neatness challenges the powers of description: the immediate elegancies and remote views of luxurious vegetation, emulously pouring on the curious eye. The scenes about West and High Wiccomb, are of this kind, except, that high towering buildings present the idea of aristocratic grandeur, which hurt the feelings, because here the charities do not commonly find a home. Approaching Beaconsfield, I looked out for the habitation, once informed by Edmund Burke, dear to the muses, and to the genius of philanthropy: alas! that a perverted patriotism should in the evening cast a shade over his exalted character, to tarnish his morning and mid day lustre! Burke is no more; his widow inhabits Butler's court, for so is called the elegant mansion near Beaconsfield where Burke resided, formerly the residence of Waller the poet, or at least contiguous to it. I recal in retrospect the time when I accompanied Burke from his house in the country to London, a few years ago. A family friendship allowed me the privilege of spending a few days with him at his country house. As we passed through Uxbridge (where I now write) the sublime man took me to see a cedar of Lebanon, whose luxuriant shade and towering height, were congenial to his soul, and drew from him the words of Ezekiel or other favourite Oriental bard, in a style suitable to the occasion and to the man. The cedar I am told was blown down in a storm—Burke too has fallen in the tempest of the time — fallen from what height! The virgin white of pure patriotism once tarnished, resembles the loss of chastity and innocence.

In vain with tears the loss he may deplore,
In vain look back to what he was before!
He sets like stars that fall to rise no more.

We now set forward to London, the vortex of impurities, where such exquisite genius, so much beauty, so much truth, as the English nation generates by nature, are drawn in, and overwhelmed. At Greenwich, a

noble pile of building for the accommodation of the wounded man-of-war seamen we drew melancholy reflections on the perfection of human misery—war! Here were exhibited old men without legs, and other victims of mutilation and outrage, offered up to the demon of war. Here the votaries of patriotism, demonstrating their tutelary god. Here the infatuated victims of mistaken loyalty, that imagined virtue, to carry which to perfection you must abandon all that in life is dear to man, wife, children, the natural affections, and all the charities which can make country, or any peculiar spot of ground dear to the affections. At Blenheim is erected the temple to the grim idol of war and victory; the vain-glorious boast is consummated at Greenwich, where human victims are immolated by a lingering death.—Could one separate the stately buildings of Greenwich from the occasion of their erection, we might admire the paintings on the ceiling and walls of the hall. The founders, William and Mary, are represented in the centre, in their appropriate regalia, the thrones and diadem of despotism under their feet; this in allusion to controlling the balance of power in Europe, and checking the ambition of Lewis XIV. Apollo in his glowing car, stands conspicuous amidst the signs of the zodiac, the figures of which encircle the ceiling without confusion, and in suitable attitude and proportion; the corners are ornamented with emblematic figures of the seasons and the various stages of life, also of those men who were supposed to have benefited their country in arts or arms, or contributed to bring the sciences to perfection.—This whole assemblage of hign wrought figures, are all in character, and mutual dependance and relation to each other, without crouding or confusion; that it might be said the disposition was equal to the workmanship.—Beyond the hall is a saloon, whose walls bear emblematic devices of the four quarters of the world; all with reference to the ostentatious pride of England. The muse of painting here discovers her deceptive talent by an imitation of fluted columns and windows. The hostess at our inn by her high charges, 9*d.* for six potatoes, made us conclude that she had studied at Oxford. The tide coming in, we ascended the Thames in our hired boat, and passing under London bridge, but not with the same velocity that we had shot down, we landed near Westminster-hall. Here I had the pleasure of contemplating the mouldering pillars of the abbey. St. Margaret's chapel hard by is getting repair, but the venerable abbey may be suffered to sink into a ruin proportionate to its vastness, and the high emblazoned national pride and human aggrandizement, of which it is the fit and convenient repository. Here among the tombs;

hic jacet gloria mundi!

Here are erected monuments to the disturbers of the peace of society, as well as to many who have benefited or embellished it. Here, amidst rottenness and death, is the boast of high achievement; the trophies of victory are hung in that other high place Paul's cathedral; the victors and heroes are here laid low amongst the dead. But why this grumbling? Turn we from the dead to converse with the living—and allowing mankind their feelings and prejudices, many of which the state of society necessarily imposes, and which men can no more divest themselves of than the Ethiopean can change his skin—I own to an impression of kindness, as I walked along the streets of London, and read the countenances of those I met. But life is so abundant, the town swarming with inhabitants, and the business of life carries them so rapidly along, and so occupies the attention, that you cannot expect to meet with any subjects for contemplation of this kind.

I stepped into Lloyd's at the Exchange: What a scene of busy life! here is every one occupied with his own speculation! The news of the day, however disastrous, seeming to claim little attention, except so far as it interfered with the money system. The love of gain,

"The master passion of the breast,
"Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest."

At this time Egypt was the scene of conflict between the adverse political parties. We left London at 8 P. M. the 19th, and arrived in Dublin, at 10 A. M. the 22d, being two days and three nights on the way. The mail-coach takes four; one of our companions soon went to sleep; the other was a young officer of marines just returned from Malta: his brother stood at the coach door, and as we waited for departure, they talked of the war, and of the fate of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in Egypt, regretting that he had not served his country longer. This is the common topic: young fellows who have not an atom of true patriotism, nor understand the sentiment, having all their affections and passions measured by selfish gratifications, can thus swagger and talk off the rounds of hackneyed conversation, while the country bleeds at every vein to support a ruinous war. In progress our sleepy companion, having taken his nap, brightened up, and discovered himself a man truly capable of an exalted sentiment, constituting him an amiable companion on the way. We lost him at Litchfield, near which place he lives; the officer went with us to Chester. In about forty-six hours, by unremitting travelling, we went from London to the Head: the roads remarkably good, carriages easy, and the horses not oppressed; the fine race of this valuable species in England having no symptom of abuse; twenty-five minutes allowed for meals. We generally flew a mile in six minutes. On board ship my reflections brought me to the view of misery in its completest form—a slave ship. The Africans are forced away against their will from home, and most tender connections. I am returning home with all my will, inclinations and warmest affections. The Africans are cruelly used, and packed up in abominable holds and vile imprisonment, as loathsome as human nature can conceive, to aggravate the circumstances of slavery. My situation, so different, ought therefore to reconcile me to the narrow but temporary restraints of a ship. On my return to Dublin and friends dearly loved, I am abundantly gratified, after two weeks absence.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

WHATEVER opinion may be entertained of the ingenious theories of Dr. Darwin, as to their being capable of demonstration in all cases, he is pre-eminently entitled to the merit of having both practically and theoretically introduced sobriety in an increased degree, among the higher classes of society, in the midland counties of England.

In his Zoonomia, he points out the dangers of taking too large quantities of alcohol, even when the quantity taken, may not produce intoxication, and shows the various and diversified danger of habitually indulging in the free use of beer, wine, and ardent spirits. According to his system an error in the quantity of beer or wine leads to gout, while an excess in ardent spirits is fatally characterized by dropsy, and the dreadful train of complaints arising from a diseased liver. What he recommended in his book, he carried into his practice, as a physician in his advice to his patients, and in the regulation of his own conduct, in the circle of a widely extended acquaintance. His example and precepts had a most powerful effect in causing sobriety, and even a comparative degree of abstemiousness, to become fashionable. I wish physicians in this country would set a similar example, and enforce similar precepts. I am convinced that Dr. Darwin introduced many to health, and a consequent increase of comfort by producing a conviction that a much less portion of alcohol in whatever shape is necessary to the full enjoyment of health. I am inclined to think that some are in the practice of habitually taking more wine or other strong drink from the mistaken notion that a pretty large portion of stimulus is necessary to good health. In convivial companies many drink from fashion, and to be accommodated to the general practice: Dr. Darwin did much to relieve from "custom's ideot sway," in these instances among his companions and I wish to see the influence of his writings in this respect more generally diffused. NON MEDICUS.